

## In the midnight hour by dreamyworld

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**Summary:**

„Rebel Yell-max“.

Short imagine about the girls dancing to an awesome album.

Rebel Yell came out in 1983 and Season 2 of Stranger Things is set in 1984 so it fits quite well.

## In the midnight hour

### Author's Note:

Dedicated to a person I love very much <3

*The night was starless that night, but that was okay because the real stars were inside Hoppers house enjoying his absence...*

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El was awaiting Max, kneeling on the ground with crossed legs, her head in her hands, hair framing her head.

Little did she know that the fearless girl was standing right outside her window, and El opened it almost immediately.

That flaming red hair could only belong to Max Mayfield.

And beside her skateboard - El sighed lovingly - her girlfriend carried something else in her arms too. Something square.

A vinyl.

El had a record player in her house but only Hopper knew how to use it. She never dared to come close to it, but well she's always been rather cautious with electricity.

As brave as Max was, El almost expected her to climb into her window, as in the cheesy, traditional *love story* type of way.

Nothing happened, and El started to think maybe it was just her mind playing tricks on her. But then El heard it ringing at her door and saw none other than Max standing there.

„Is that a... *vinyl*?“ El asked curiously, looking at the square object Max was holding.

„Of course it is.“, she responded. „Let me get in first.“

El was taken by surprise upon her sudden directness. „Oh, you are very..**determined**.“

„No, don't worry.“, Max quickly denied Eleven's statement as she was being let in. „I'm very excited, we don't have a record player at home.“

She saw El's home basically as her own, dropping the skateboard off right in front of the closed door - now indoors of course.

Sarcastically, El remarked: „So the reason you're here is just to listen to-“ She took a quick glance at the album cover.

„*Rebel Yell.*“

„Mhm. Got it at the thrift store, you know that one.“ Max made a fist with her left hand and stuck out the thumb, and she vaguely pointed at some random place from where she came from.

„I think I've heard of it?“, El whispered. She has never heard of a thrift store near their homes actually, maybe in the next big city, but not in Hawkins-

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„Do you want to dance?“ Max pulled El by her hands, feeling a mutual warmth rushing through their bodies. El felt like she was floating instead of walking to the record player.

Max enthusiastically put the vinyl in and pressed a few buttons and she wanted to dance almost immediately. Her body was moving to the rhythm of the rocky sounds and the raw, captivating voice of the singer.

Billy Idol. Yeah, El had heard of him, maybe once or twice. A mediocre rock artist, but her girlfriend brought him to life. El wasn't the type to just listen to random songs.

But something about the song motivated El to go along with Max, following her moves. She was banging her head to the rhythm, Max dramatically went down on her knees, playing the air guitar.

And the next song was already playing as El started to memorize the chorus. *“more, more, more.”*

*Daytime Drama.*

How fitting that it was nighttime and very dark outside, only the moon and the lights of the Hopper's few electronic devices illuminated their room. Because their moods were everything, heated up, lost in thoughts - but by no means dramatic. Well, except for Max' overexaggerated way of playing the air guitar.

„Over and over and over and over again“.

„Beautiful star.“, El chuckled in her girlfriends ear.

„You're flustering me!“, Max admitted and she wasn't lying.

El found it sweet how Max showed her tough side to almost everyone but she seemed to have a soft spot for **her**.

And El was almost moved to tears of joy when *Eyes Without A Face* started playing. It had the sound of a love ballad to it, but it was like rock as well, with amazing instruments.

And they came closer to another than ever, because El wrapped her arms around Max for safety, maybe, and Max was confused at first, but in the end she didn't mind and leaned back.

*Blue Highway.*

El pretended that her hairbrush was a microphone and yelled the lyrics to the song that she didn't know, pumping a fist in the air.

Max swung her head from left to right and her hair made a small „whoosh“ noise while she did it. Her arms and shoulders were moving uncontrollably as well.

But then she slowed down a bit to tell El „The impact Billy Idol has on me is really impressive.“

„I can tell.“ and she paused a bit, searching for an answer that might be slightly better.

„Me too.“

*Flesh For Fantasy.*

This song was a bit slower than the previous ones, and El sat down on the couch, catching her breath.

*„Face to Face...”*

It was after midnight now, the next day had begun but nothing has changed.

Max started to face El and upon realizing she was looking right into the eyes of the love of her life, she acted on that instinct.

Slowly but surely, Max initiated that she wanted to kiss El. Tilting her head, closing her eyes in anticipation of whatever may come.

*„Do you like to dance?”*

Not as much as El loved the feeling of kissing Max, for sure. There was nothing wrong with it. Especially since Mike came out as gay, and El discovered that she was a lesbian and found her girl that also happened to like girls.

It was no one else's mouth she would rather feel on her lips, so delightful and sweet.

As joyful as the next song playing in the distance after the previous one faded out, beyond the girls' notice.

*Catch My Fall.*

El couldn't really make out the lyrics, maybe because she was too distracted by Max.

And the song was still playing as they parted lips, not gaze. So the kiss wasn't that long probably, even if it felt like both a second and an eternity for El.

Max was looking a bit tired.

*“Crank Call. That has to be my favorite track on this album.”*

Ironically, the vinyl was scratching a bit right after Max had said this.

„Huh, I thought it was new.“

Max shrugged. „Maybe it got a bit damaged while I was skateboarding to you. I couldn't keep the balance with that damn object and it kept falling down.“

The situation was becoming awkward so El quickly stared at the dark wall behind her girlfriend. „That's odd.“

„It is.“

*(Do Not) Stand In The Shadows.*

Max started to subtly dance again and rocked her body. And El placed a hand on each side of Max' body.

„Just the two of us. Us being girlfriends.“ Max commented. El tried to look serious but failed because Max was looking so ridiculously cute. „Stop being so cute!“; El jokingly reprimanded her.

„It's not possible to not be cute around you. You're starting to have that effect on me.“ El was flattered, and felt the need to respond something equally as cute. Though she knew she could never keep up with Max' coolness.

„Maybe- just *maybe*, I'm starting to become as cool as you someday.“

Max smirked. „I doubt it.“

„Huh?“

„Yeah, I doubt it. Because your level of coolness is waaay above mine.“ Max made an invisible scale showing the difference of coolness between her and El.

The next song played. *The Dead Next Door*. A calming song.

„Can I sleep on this couch?“ Max asked.

A short break occurred. „Only if I can be next to you.“

„If I'm being honest, that's the only condition I'm sleeping here.“

El laughed. „Heey!“ and smacked Max over the head with a soft pillow. She quickly grabbed it and „slapped“ El’s face in return. A few feathers fell down to the ground.

„Thanks for ruining my pillow.“, El moaned ironically.

„You’ll be the only pillow I need tonight.“

„Oh, if that’s true...“ El was about to initiate a pillow fight, until she remembered that he was about to come home any second.

„Let’s just sleep, okay?“, she suggested. Eleven was indeed feeling sorry for Max, who pitied the lack of the pillow fight, but at least they got each other.

As always.

Billy Idol was by their side, as a vinyl, but still very close, beautiful and cherished in their memories.

Forever associated with girlfriends, and good times.

#### **Author’s Note:**

yup elmax is my otp